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Chapter 1 by Jasmine

All my stuff was packed.. and as I shut the door I could literally feel every memory in the room come flowing back threw me as if I were reliving each tail. Pain, laughter, tears, abuse, pleasure.. it hurt me to feel it all at once.

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But not enough to make me move from the room. I stood in its center, quietly, soaking it all in. The giant pentagram was still painted in the center of the room. The landlord was going to have a heart attack when he saw that, but by then, I'd be so far away that it wouldn't be much of a concern...



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